BABY DON'T YOU DO IT

Words and Music by
BRIAN HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
EDDIE HOLLAND

Moderate beat

G G7 C G G7 C

mf

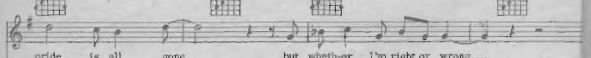
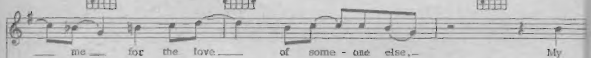
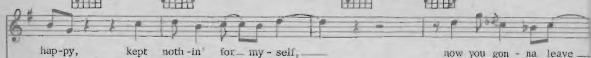
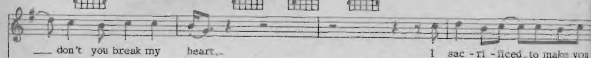
G G7 C G G7 C

G G G7 C G G7 C

Ah, Ba - by don't you do — it, don't do it,

G G7 C G G7 C

don't you break my heart. — Please, — don't do it. —

G
G7
C
G
don't you break my heart,
I sac - ri - ficed to make you
C
G
C
G
hap-py, kept noth-in' for my - self,
now you gon - na leave
C
G
C
me for the love of some - one else,
My
G
C
G
C
pride is all gone,
but wheth-er I'm right or wrong,

G
C
G
C
I need_you ba - by, to keep on keep - in' on.
I'm
try'n' to do my best,
I tried to do my best,
don't
do it,
don't you break my heart,
please,
don't do it, don't you break my heart.
My

G C G
big-gest mis - take was lov-ing you too much and let-tin' you know,
C G C
now you got me where you want me and - a
G C G
you won't let me go.
If my heart was made of glass,
C G C G
well, then you'll sure - ly see
how much heart-aches and

C G C
mis - er - y, girl, you've been caus - in' me. Well, I been
G C G C
try'n' to do my best, well, I've (you know I've) tried to do my best, don't
G C G C
do it, don't you break my heart, please,
G G7 C To Coda G G7 C G
don't do it, don't you break my heart.

G
Tacet
I go down to the riv-er, and there I'll be,
(Horns)
I'm gon - na jump in girl, but you don't care a-bout me.
O-pen up your eyes, can't you see I love you,
G
C
G
o - pen up your heart, girl, can't you see I need you?
fff

C
G
C
Oh, ba - by, don't do it, do it, do it, don't you break my heart,
G
C
G
C
please don't do it, don't you break my
G
G7
C
Tacet
F
E♭
F
G
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
heart.
My
mp
Coda
G
G7
C
G
G7
C
G
heart.

CALEDONIA MISSION

2. You know I do believe in your hexagram,
But can you tell me how they all knew the plan?
Did you trip or slip on their gifts, you know you were just a con?
You knew it, why'd you do it I've been hiding in the dark.
Now I must be on my way, I guess you really have to stay
Inside the mission law, down in Modock, Arkansas.

RAG MAMA RAG

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Moderate Boogie-Rock
1.
2.
mf
Guitar
(Capo up
3 frets)
D
G
Keyboard F
B♭
Rag Ma - ma Rag, I can't be - lieve it's true.
mp
D
F
Rag Ma - ma Rag, A - what did you do? I
D/C
G
C7
F/E♭
B♭
E♭7
crawled up to the rail-road track, Let the four nine - teen scratch my back.

D
F
Shag, ma - ma, shag
Now
what's come o - ver you?
Rag Ma - ma Rag,
I'm a
G
B♭
D
F
pull in' out your gag;
Gon-na
turn you loose like an
old ca-boose, Got a tail,
A
C
I need a drag.
I
ask a-bout your
tur - tle,
and
C
E♭
G
B♭
you ask a-bout the weath - er,
Well,
I can't jump the
hur - dle and we

A
C
— can't get to-geth - er. We could_ be re - lax - in'
in my sleep-in' bag, — But all you wan - na do — for me, ma-ma, is a
D
F
G
B♭
Rag Ma - ma Rag. — There's no - where_ to go, —
D
F
Rag Ma - ma Rag. — Come on re - sin up — the bow —
D
F
G
B♭
1.
2.

D
F
G
Bb
Rag Ma - ma Rag,
where do ya roam?
D
F
A
C
Rag Ma - ma Rag,
bring your skin - ny lit - tle bod - y back home.
D
F
D7
F7
It's dog eat dog and cat eat mouse, You can
G
Bb
C
Eb
Rag Ma-ma Rag all o - ver my house.
D
F
Bm
Dm
C
Eb
G
Hail-stones beat - in' on the roof, The bour-bon is a hun-dred proof, It's

D
Bm
C
G
F
Dm
Eb
Bb
you and me and the tel-e-phone
Our des-ti-ny is quite well known.
We don't need to sit and brag,
All we got-ta do is Rag
Ma-ma Rag.
Rag Ma-ma Rag,
Where do you roam?
Rag Ma-ma Rag,
Bring your
skin-ny lit-tle bod-y back home.
Repeat and fade

C
Am
— to me;
And I'm bound — to come
F
Dm
E
out on top, ——
that's
where she said I
should be.
Am
Bb
C
G
I will
hear ev - 'ry
word the boss —— may say, ——
For
Am
Bb
C
G
he's the one —— who hands me —— down my pay. ——

ADDITIONAL WORDS

The smell of the leaves from the magnolia trees in the meadow,
King Harvest has surely come.
Dry summer, then comes fall which I depend on most of all.
Hey, rainmaker, can't you hear my call?
Please let these crops grow tall.
Long enough I've been up on Skid Row
And it's plain to see, I've nothin' to show.
I'm glad to pay those union dues,
Just don't judge me by my shoes.

Scarecrow and a yellow moon, pretty soon a carnival on the edge of town,
King Harvest has surely come.
Last year, this time, wasn't no joke,
My whole barn went up in smoke.
My horse, Jethro, well, he went mad
And I can't remember things bein' so bad.
Then here comes a man with a paper and pen
Tellin' us our hard times are about to end.
And then, if they don't give us what we like
He said, "Men, that's when you gotta go on strike."

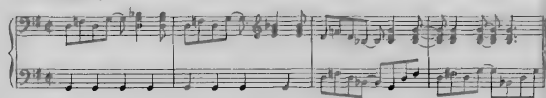
(D. S.)

Corn in the fields,
Listen to the rice when the wind blows 'cross the water.
King Harvest has surely come.

W. S. WALCOTT MEDICINE SHOW

Words and Music by
ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

G F

When your arms are emp - ty, got no where to go,
Young faith healer, he's a woman
There'll be Miss Brer Fox hole with bright diamonds in her

G D

stealer, come on out and catch
teeth, he will cure by his
she is pure gold down

31
C
the show, There'll be saints and sin-
com - mand, and when the band gets
under - neath. She's a rock and roll
B
B7
C
ners, you'll see los - ers and win - ners, all kinds of
hot you might have to stand, to hear the
singer and a true dead ring - er for something
C#
G
peo - ple you might wan - na know.
Klon - dike Klu Klux Steam - boat
like you ain't nev - er seen.
Band.
Once you get it,
Once you get it,
Em
Eb
you can't for - get it W. S. Wal - cott
you can't for - get it W. S. Wal - cott

D
G
C
Me - di - cine Show, You know he al - ways
Me - di - cine Show, I'd rath - er die
D
E
holds it in a tent, and if you're
hap - py than not die at all for a
G
C
D
C
D
look - in' for the real thing he can show you where it
man is a fool who will not heed the
1.
G
went. There's a

* 16 bar instrumental omitted

STAGE FRIGHT

Am
F
F/D bass
G
Stage Fright, Just stand-in' up there t' give it all his might,
Am
F
and he got caught in the spot-light when we get to the end
D
1.
G
he wants t' start all o-ver a-gain.
2.
G
F♯m
Bm
a-gain. Now if he says that he's a-fraid,

C
D
G
F♯m
Bm
take him at his word
and for the price that the poor boy has paid,
C
C♯o
D
B♭
Em
he gets t' sing just like a bird.
Oh hoo oo oo.
C
B♭
F
G
C
B♭
F
G
C
B♭
F

G
C
B♭
F
D
Em
D♯0/A bass
Em
B
D.S. 𝄋
al ⊕
Coda
G
F
D
G
a - gain.
You want to try it once a - gain,
F
D
G
F
D
please don't make him stop,
let him take it from the
G
F
D
G
top,
let him start all o - ver a - gain.

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OLD DIXIE DOWN

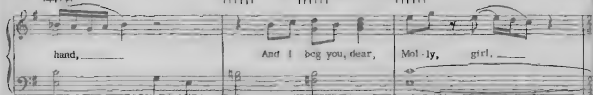
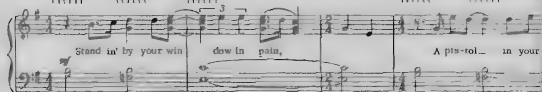
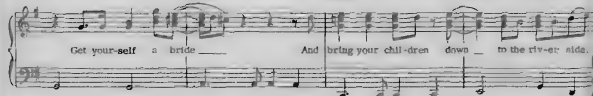
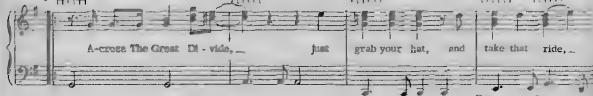
ADDITIONAL WORDS

Back with my wife in Tennessee
When one day she called to me
"Virgil, quick, come see:
There goes Robert E. Lee!"
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood
And I don't care if the money's no good,
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest
But they should never have taken
The very best.

(Repeat Chorus)

Like my father before me
I will work the land.
And like my brother above me
Who took a rebel stand,
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up
When he's in defeat.

(Repeat Chorus with final ending)

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

1.
G
C
D
I had a goal in my younger days,
I nearly wrote my will,
But I changed my mind for the better;
I'm at the still, had my fill, and I'm fit to kill.
2.
Pin - ball machine, and a queen,
I nearly took a bust,
Tried to keep my hands to myself,
Ya say it's a must, but who can ya trust?
Harvest moon shin-in' down from the sky,
A weary sign for all,
I'm gonna leave this one - horse town,
Had t' stall till the fall, now I'm gonna crawl!

G
A
C
Em
G
A
C
G
C
Now, Mol-ly, dear, don't ya shed a tear,
G
C
G
Your time will sure-ly come.
You'll feed your man
C
D
D. S. al Coda
chick-en ev-'ry Sun-day,
Now, tell me, hon, what-cha done with the gun.
Coda
G
A
C
G

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

Guitar → E7 D/F♯ G D/F♯ A/E
(Capo up 2 frets)
Keyboard → F♯7 B/G♯ A E/G♯ B/F♯

mf

Un - faith - ful Ser - vant, I hear you leav - in'
I can hear the

Am7 G D/F♯
Bm7 A B/G♯

soon in the morn - in'. What did you do to the la - dy
whis - tle blow - in'. Yes, that train is a - com - in'

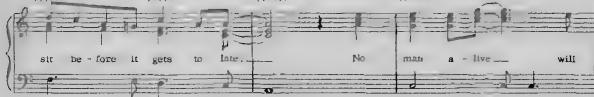
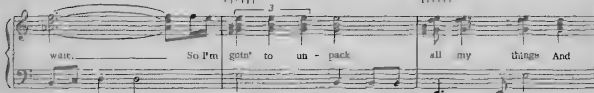
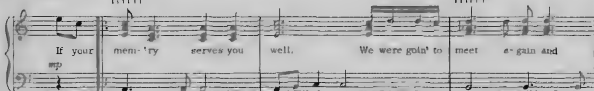
E7 A (sus 4) G
F♯7 B (sus 4) A

that she's gon - na have to send you a - way? Un - faith - ful
and soon you'll be a - go in'. Let us not

D/F♯ A/E Am7 G
E/G♯ B/F♯ Bm7 A

Ser - vant, you don't have to say you're sor - ry, If you done it just
bow our heads for we won't be com - plain - in'; Life has been good

D/F♯
B/G♯
E7
F♯7
A (sus 4)
B (sus 4)
for the spite,
to us all
or did ya do it just for the glo - ry?
Ev - en when that sky is rain - in'.
Bm/G♯
C♯m/A♯
A/F♯
B/G♯
C/G
D/A
Like a stran - ger, you turned your back, Left your keys, and
To take it like a grain of salt Is all I can do. It's
G
A
F♯7
G♯7
Bm/G♯
C♯m/A♯
A/F♯
B/G♯
gone to pack. Bear in mind who's to blame, and all the shame;
no one's fault, Makes no dif-'frence if we fade a - way.
E7
F♯7
Em7
F♯m7
E♭maj7
F maj7
She real - ly cared, the time she spared, and the home you shared.
It's just as it was, it's much too cold for me to stay.

D Bm D A Bm
E C#m E B C#m
Good-bye to that coun - try home,
So long to a la - dy I had known,
D Bm E7 A (sus 4)
E C#m F#7 B (sus 4)
Fare-well to my oth - er side,
I'd best just take it in stride.
G D/F# A/E Am7 G
A E/G# B/F# Bm7 A
Un - faith-ful Ser-vant,
you'll learn to find your place;
I can see it
D/F# E7 A (sus 4) Bm/G#
E/G# F#7 B (sus 4) C#m/A#
in your smile,
and, yes, I can see it in your face.
The mem - 'ries
A/F# C/G G F#7 Bm/G#
B/G# D/A A G#7 C#m/A#
will lin-ger on,
But the good old days, they're all gone.
Oh! lone-some ser-vant,
A/F# E7 Em7 Ebmaj7
B/G# F#7 F#m7 F maj7
can't you see
That we're still one
and the same, Just you and me.

THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE

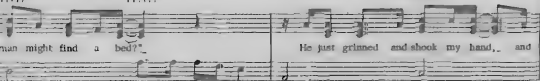
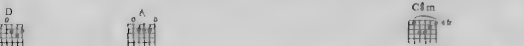
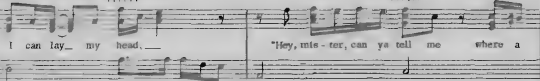
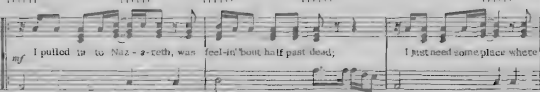
2. If your mem'ry serves you well
I was goin' to confiscate your face
And wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And hide it in your case.
If I knew for sure that it was yours.
But it was oh, so hard to tell
But you know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus

3. If your mem'ry serves you well,
You'll remember you're the one
That called on them to call on me
To get you your favors done.
And after ev'ry plan had failed
And there was nothing more to tell
You know that we shall meet again
If your mem'ry serves you well.

Chorus and Fine

THE WEIGHT

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBBIE ROBERTSON

ADDITIONAL WORDS

I picked up m'bag, I went lookin' for a place t'hide;
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side.
I said "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go downtown."
She said, "I gotta go, but m'friend can stick around."

(Repeat chorus)

Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say
It's just ol' Luke, and Luke's waitin' on the Judgement Day.
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"
He said, "Do me a favor, son, woncha stay an' keep Anna Lee company?"

(Repeat chorus)

Crazy Chester followed me, and he caught me in the fog.
He said, "I will fix your rack, if you'll take Jack, my dog."
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man."
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can."

(Repeat chorus)

Catch a cannon ball now, t'take me down the line
My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time.
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

(Repeat chorus and tag)

THE SHAPE I'M IN

Words and Music by
ROBBIE ROBERTSON

G C G C D
This liv-in' a - lone will drive me cra - zy. Oh, you don't
G
know The Shape I'm In.
C Dm Em Dm/F bass C Dm
I'm gon - na go down by the wa - ter, but I ain't gon-na jump
I've just spent sixty days in the jail-house for the crime of
Em Dm/F bass C Dm Em Dm/F bass
in, no, no! I'll just be look - in' for my mak - er
havin' no dough, no, no, now, here I am back out on the street

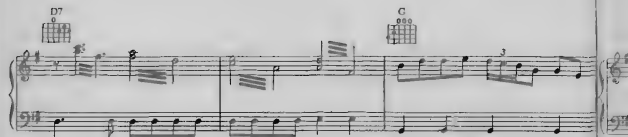
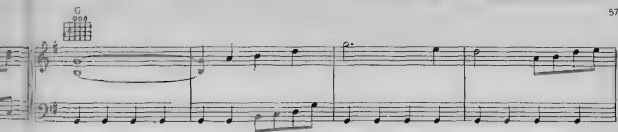
F
D7
G
C
and I hear that that's where she's been? Oh!
for the crime of havin' no where to go.
Out of nine lives
Save your neck
G
C
G
C
G
C
I've spent sev - en, now, how in the world do you get to heav-en?
or save your broth-er looks like it's one or the other
D
G
G
Oh, don't you know The Shape I'm In.
Oh, don't you know The Shape I'm
Cm7
3 fr.

G7
3 fr.
D7
G
3 fr.
G7
3 fr.
D7
G
3 fr.
G7
3 fr.
D. S. al Coda

Coda
G
D
G
C
In.
Now, two young kids
G
C
G
C
might start a ruck - us
you know they feel
G
C
D
you're try - in' to shuck us
oh,
you don't know
G
The Shape i'm in.

Cm7
3 fr.
G
3 fr.
(Organ Solo:)
G7
3 fr.
D7
3
G
3 fr.

D7
G
D

G
D
G
D
G
C
G

CHEST FEVER

Words and Music by
JAIME ROBERTSON

E B D E B D E

And as my mind – un - weaves – I feel the freeze down in my knees

B D E F#

1., 2.

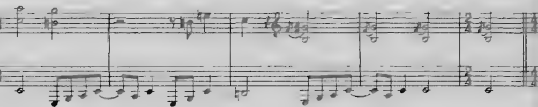
But just be - fore – she leaves, — She re - ceives. —

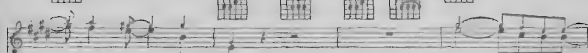
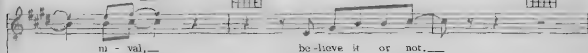
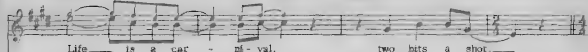
2. She's been down in the dunes and she's dealt with the goons,
Now she drinks from the bitter cup I'm trying to get her to give it up.
She was just here, I fear she can't be here no more.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees
But just before she leaves, she receives.

Interlude (spoken against Introduction figure)

It's long, long, when she's gone, I get weary holding on.
And now I'm coldly fading fast I don't think I'm gonna last
Very much longer.

"She's stone" said the Swede, and the moon calf agreed
I'm like a viper in shock with my eyes in the clock
She was just there somewhere, and here I am again.
And as my mind unweaves, I feel the freeze down in my knees
But just before she leaves, she receives.

LIFE IS A CARNIVAL

E
A
E
You can fly off a moun - tain top, if an - y bod - y can.
Tryin' to deal with people, people you can't see.
Run a - way, run a - way,
Take a - way, take a - way,
Run a - way, run a - way,
Take a - way, take a - way,
A6
E
it's a rest - less age. Look a - way, look a - way,
this house of mirrors. Give a - way, give a - way,
it's a rest - less age. Look a - way,
this house of mirrors. Give a - way,

you can turn the page.
all the sou - ve - nirs.
look a - way,
you can turn the page.
give a - way,
all the sou - ve - nirs.
A
Amaj7
A7
Hey, bud - dy, would you like to buy a watch
We're all in the same boat, get ready to float
mf
A9
E
E7
real cheap
here on the street?
off the edge of the world,
our flat old world.
f
F♯m
G♯m
4fr.
A
I got six on each arm and two
The street is a side - show from the peddler to the
mf

B7sus4
E
A
E
A6
E
more on my feet.
corner girl.
Life is a car -
Life is a car -
mf
A
E
A
ni - val,
ni - val,
be - lieve it or not.
it's in the book.
E
A
To Coda
E
Life is a car - ni - val,
Life is a car - ni - val,
two bits a shot.
take another look.
Tacet
mf

E
1.
2.
D.S. (Lyric 1) al Coda
Coda
E
two bits a shot.
E9
A
E
ff
E9
A
E
Tacet
E
fff

GET UP, JAKE

Words and Music by
J. ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Moderately

mf

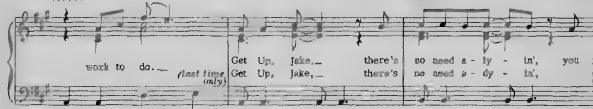
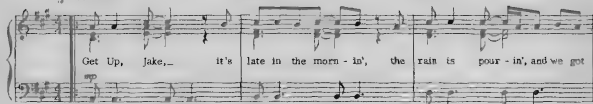
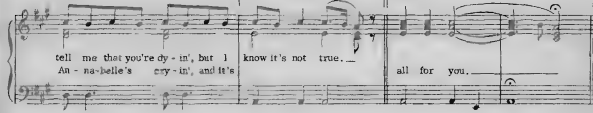
Chorus

A Bm D

mp

Get Up, Jake,— it's late in the morn - in', the rain is pour - in', and we got

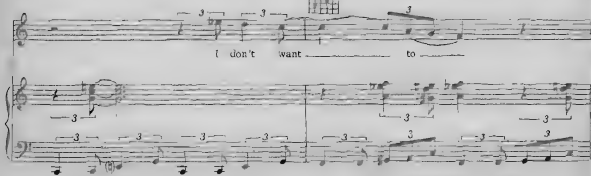
A Bm

work to do.— *(last time only)* Get Up, Jake,— there's no need a - ly - in', you
Get Up, Jake,— there's no need a - dy - in',

Verse 1.
A
G
D
A
G
Now, me and Jake, we were down on the riv - er, on the fer - ry, "Bal -
D
A
G
D
A
- ti - more".
And when Jake don't rise up in the morn - in',
G
D
A
Verse 2.
A
G
Peo - ple lined up all a - long the shore.
Crap game will take
D
A
G
D
A
you to the clean - ers, Rye whis - key to the grave.

G
D
A
G
Riv - er wom-an don't you come no clos - er,
'cause me and Jake got no time
D
A
Verse 3.
A
G
D
A
to save, Oh, oh.
Dirt - y Dan he came up from Sa - van - nah,
G
D
A
G
3
Car-ried a mean streak in his eye
Now, him and Jake both want -
D
A
G
D
A
D.S. 𝄋 al Fine
- ed An - na - bel - la,
I guess one man here has got to die.

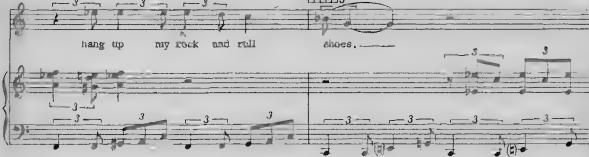
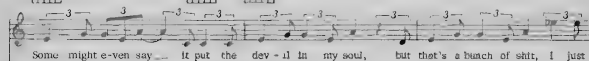
HANG UP MY ROCK AND ROLL SHOES

C
shoes,
I don't want
F7
to
hang up my rock and roll
C
shoes.
G7
I get an old
time
feel - in'
F7
ev - 'ry time
C
I hear the blues.
They

F
C
told me get a job and set your-self a goal, but can't they un-der-stand I just
C7
F7
wan - na rock and roll, I don't want to
C
hang up my rock and roll shoes,
F7
I don't want to

C
hang up my rock and roll shoes.
G7
F7
Some - thin' hap-pens to ___ me ___ ev - 'ry time ___ that I ___ hear the blues. ___
C
F7
C
G7
C
I'm gon - na do _ my ___ home - work, ___ I'll clean the yard ev - 'ry

Gm7 C F7
day. I will e-ven do the dish - es,
G7
I'll do an - y-thing you say. They
C F C
say that rock and roll will soon fade a-way, but I just wan-na tell ya, rock and
C7 F7
roll is here to stay, and I don't want to

C
hang up my rock and roll shoes,
F7
no, no, I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll
C
shoes,
G7
I get a good time feel - in' ev -
F7
C
'ry time I hear the blues.
G7

C
F
C
Some might e-ven say it put the dev - il in my soul, but that's a bunch of shit, I just
C7
F7
wan - na rock and roll, I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll
C
shoes.
F7
no, no, I don't want to

C
hang up my rock and roll
shoes.
My feet
G7
F7
start a - mov - in'
ev -'ry time
I hear the blues.
C
F
C
C7
F7
No, no no, I don't want to
C
F
C
hang up my rock and roll
shoes.

C
F
C
F7
No, no, no, I don't want to
hang up my rock and roll
shoes.
F
C
G7
Some-thin' hap-pens to me
ev-'ry time I hear the blues.
C9
ff